

PS

2169

K4B6

1879

P



THE BLESSED COMPANY
OF ALL
FAITHFUL PEOPLE

KIMBALL.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS2169
Chap. _____ Copyright No. _____

Shelf K4.B6
1879

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE BLESSED COMPANY

OF ALL

FAITHFUL PEOPLE.

THE
BLESSED COMPANY
OF ALL
FAITHFUL PEOPLE.

BY
HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.



NEW YORK :
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & CO.

900 BROADWAY, CORNER 20th STREET.

718795.

725 2d 67
14.25
1879

Copyright, 1879,
BY HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON & SON, CAMBRIDGE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE BLESSED COMPANY	7
O SPOTLESS LAMB !	14
THE DIVINE PURPOSE	17
A HYMN OF ADORATION	19
"THOU ART A PLACE TO HIDE ME IN"	22
"NO ONE TAKETH YOUR PEACE AWAY"	23
THE CROSS	26
HYMN FOR ADVENT	28
ADVENT SONG OF THE FAITHFUL	30
EVENING HYMN OF PRAISE	33
"CHRIST IS BORN OF BLESSED MARY"	35
"HARK ! EASTWARD AND WESTWARD THE MESSAGE IS WINGING"	38
CHRISTMAS MEDITATION	41
THE WAY OF THORNS	44
A BATTLE CRY	47

HOLY MYSTERIES	49
“HIM THAT COMETH TO ME, I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT”	52
THE NIGHT OF FAITH	54
“LORD, THAT I MIGHT RECEIVE MY SIGHT”	56
A HYMN OF CONTRITION	58
JESUS, MY REFUGE	60
THE BLESSED TASK	62
THE LIGHT OF LIGHT	64
VALE	66





“THE BLESSED COMPANY OF ALL
FAITHFUL PEOPLE.”



ETWEEN the gray dawn and the golden day
Methought low murmurs troubled all the land ;
Disquietude and strife where should be peace,
In the white tents of that sweet Prince of Peace
Whose hosts encamp amidst “ a naughty world.”
As swelled the murmurs, under all I heard
The sighing of the leaders, men of prayer,
Steadfast in faith though sometimes faint of voice,
Worn with the heat and burden of the day,
And the half-hearted zeal of many a rank ;
And harsh above their sighings louder rose
The sounds of party and opposing speech ;

And louder yet the petty-tongued complaints
Of such as had not learned obedience —
That first, last law for these rebellious hearts,
Given of GOD and taught of Holy Church.
Anon, and piercing all the clamor through,
The LORD's own heralds blew their bugle-notes —
For He would set the faithful in array.
Then sudden silence made a little space
For the One Voice that fills the Universe,
And CHRIST's own roll-call swept the white camp through.
And lo ! the faithful noiseless moved as thought ;
Responsive, yet unconscious of response,
Their rapt eyes lifted to the shining morn
As seeing Him who is invisible !
He named them clan by clan, His chosen ones ;
The poor in spirit and the souls that mourn,
The meek and those for righteousness athirst,
The merciful, the pure in heart, the just,
The valiant, the forbearing, named He thus ;

For every clan a benediction sweet
And sweeter promises of victory — thus :

Blessed are the poor,
(Jesus spake,)
Poor in spirit, for My sake ;
Who seek the glory of this world no more,
Nor gather riches that shall fly away :
Of the Heavenly Kingdom heirs are they.

Blessed,
Blessed they who mourn, He said ;
Precious are the tears they shed,
The ashes on the bowed head ;
All their sins confesséd,
They shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek
Who seek

The FATHER's will in quietness and peace,
Caring little for all things beside ;
They shall increase
And with the fulness of the earth be satisfied.

Blessed they, He said,
After righteousness an-hungeréd ;
Blessed they whose thirst
The pleasures of this world accurst
Have not stilled ;
With My bread
Shall the famishéd be fed ;
With My wine the parchéd lips be filled.

Blessed, blessed they,
The merciful, whose ears
Are swift to hear the crying of distress ;
Soft as the rain in summer fall their tears,
Their place is found beside the fatherless ;

Yea,
Blessed they
To whom the outcast and the poor complain
Not in vain ;
Mercies numberless
They hereafter shall obtain.

Blessed are the pure in heart, He said ;
Whose feet the paths of holiness do tread,
Whose looks are God-ward and whose hands are clean ;
Through glories manifold
Shall they behold
Him whom no eye hath seen.

Blessed they who seek
To turn all strife to peace ;
Whose words are as a covert to the weak,
Who make the anger of the strong to cease ;

Children of God shall they
Be called for aye.

Blessed they who steadfast stand
Through persecutions dread ;
Though on every hand
The wicked bend the bow
To lay them low ;
Theirs the Kingdom never vanquishéd.

Blessed ye when men revile
And persecute you falsely, for My sake ;
Ye who, walking without guile,
With Me partake
Shame and scorn awhile.

Yea, rejoice,
Ye who fly not from the arrows of the strong ;
Be exceeding glad, for unto you is given

Great reward in Heaven ;
Even now lift up your voice
In victorious song ;
For so persecuted they
The Prophets in their day :
Again, rejoice.

Then all the winds of Heaven : *Amen ! Amen !*



O SPOTLESS LAMB!



HOUGH all I have is Thine

And Thine is all I am,

How poor, how vile a gift is mine

To Thee, O Spotless Lamb !

For all I have is dross,

And guilt is all I am,

And all I gain I count as loss

For Thee, O Spotless Lamb !

What is my life but death —

So dead in heart I am !

Oh, for one living, living breath

Like Thine, O Spotless Lamb !

Descend, Thou Holy Dove,
 Brood o'er me as I am,
That I may draw that breath of love —
 Thy love, O Spotless Lamb!

For me Thy blood was shed,
 All worthless though I am ;
In that pure stream from foot to head
 I'll wash, O Spotless Lamb!

Made clean in that dear tide,
 Fit even for Thee I am ;
My heart of hearts thus purified
 Accept, O Spotless Lamb!

And when beyond earth's sight
 With Thy redeemed I am,
In realms whose one supernal light
 Thou art, O Spotless Lamb! —

When with thy joy and peace

* Pure-clad and crowned I am,

How shall I sing, nor ever cease,

Thy love, O Spotless Lamb !



THE DIVINE PURPOSE.



S springs that feed our lives unseen,
And keep their daily pastures green,
All-gracious LORD, Thy mercies flow;
Before we ask, Thou dost bestow.

And thus with gifts as well as grace,
Thou winnest us to seek Thy Face,
And kneeling low Thy care to own,
And make our dearest wishes known.

No voice of prayer to Thee can rise,
But swift as light Thy Love replies;
Not always what we ask, indeed,
But, O Most Kind! what most we need.

When we beseech the good that might,
Because of self, some sweet hope blight,
Some holy impulse turn astray,
Thy tender Purpose answers, Nay.

For bread may nourish less than stone,
If eaten thankless, or alone ;
And many a pure, desired thing
Might prove a snare or hide a sting.

But Thou, O Saviour pitiful,
Who seest us so blind and dull,
Constrainest us with mercies still
To seek alone Thy Holy Will.

Oh, soon or late how sweet to learn,
It is that Will for which we yearn ;
When yielding to its sway Divine,
We have no wish apart from Thine !

A HYMN OF ADORATION.



ESUS, Jesus, Jesus,
High and Lowly SON ;
SON of Blessed Mary
And of GOD in One !
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Hail, O SON !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Living Bread Divine,
Feast for holy hunger,
Be that hunger mine !
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Bread Divine !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Fount forever filled,
In thy streams of Mercy
Shall my thirst be stilled !
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Fount once filled !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Spotless Lamb once slain,
Yet for us unceasing
Offeréd again !
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Lamb once slain !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Victim, Priest, and LORD ;
Endless satisfaction,
Endlessly adored !
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Saviour, LORD !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Name of names most sweet !
Tremble with thanksgiving,
Tongue that may repeat : —
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Name most sweet !

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
GOD of GOD art thou !
Low in adoration
At thy name we bow.
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
GOD art thou !

FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
Blessed THREE in ONE,
Whose unending praises
Never were begun !
Holy, Holy, Holy,
THREE in ONE !

"THOU ART A PLACE TO HIDE ME IN."



WITHOUT, I hear the beating of the rain,
The howling winds that tell the storm's in-
crease ;

O covert sure that he who seeks may gain !—
Within, abideth peace.

Without, I hear the sound of feet that halt
And grope and stumble in the blinding night ;
O blessed faith that serveth in default
Of what men call the light !

O rest, O wayside inn, where home is not,
For the poor pilgrim to that City fair,
Where strife shall cease and doubtings be forgot !
The Lamb, the Light is there !

"NO ONE TAKETH YOUR PEACE AWAY."



HE long week's close : how sweet and clear
The curfew greets the tired world's ear !

"In sleep by night and in rest by day,
Peace be yours !" it seems to say.

Then folds the world its countless hands ;
Unheeded slide the drowsy sands
This last sweet night of the rounded seven,
Falling noiselessly out of heaven.

In depths of more celestial blue,
The sacred morn unfolds anew,
As if to yield to the weary breast
Balm of beauty as well as rest.

How hushed ! the silence-quicken'd ear
 Turned heavenward can almost hear
 The white cloud trail, and the arrow of light
 Earthward speeding in golden flight.

And over all, compassionate,
 A tender Presence seems to wait, —
 Beyond the cloud, beyond the light,
 Beckoning upward from height to height.

"In sleep by night and in rest by day,
 May peace be yours," did the curfew say?
 "I, only, can give you peace !" replies
 A Voice that thrilleth the boundless skies.

LORD JESUS, turn us from the noise
 Of endless strivings and empty joys,
 To find forever Thy one true peace —
 Rest from sorrow, from sin release !

Then will each morn of the week-day year
The Lord's Day morning mirror clear ;
And every night will the curfew say, '
"No one taketh your peace away."



THE CROSS.

“God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”



HOLY Cross whereon my Saviour died,

Thy sacred wood I press ;

Thou wert His shame ; thou art the only pride

I cherish or possess !

Not all the treasure of the crystal seas,

Or virgin lands unrolled,

No wealth of friends, or fame, or royal ease,

Could win from thee my hold.

The Blood of CHRIST bedews thee, holy tree ;

His Arms thy arms outspread ;

He gave thy matchless shade a roof to be

For my “defenceless head.”

I hear thee whisper still with patient sigh
The seven last words He spake ;
Still art thou shaken by the bitter Cry
Wherewith His Heart did break.

No tongue of earth though tuned to Heaven could reach
Thy eloquence divine ;
Thy very silence is supremest speech,
And tells me He is mine.

For love of Him I hold thee in embrace
Till life and death be past,
And lifted up, I may behold the Face
Of CHRIST, my King, at last.



HYMN FOR ADVENT.



REATHE, virgin souls, anew the vows
Your Heavenly Bridegroom claims !
His sign ye wear upon your brows
Traced in baptismal flames.

Oh, by that sweet and awful sign
He calls you to be wise ;
Earth's glory wanes, the suns decline,
And midnight wins the skies.

Arise, love's holy lamps to trim,
With faith their flame renew,
Lest He Who cometh find them dim
And sleep possessing you.

He cometh — when? Who answereth when?

Who names His Nameless Day?

The word He spake He speaks again,

Yet neither Yea, nor Nay.

Watch! Watch! His solemn charge alone:

And every beat of Time

Repeats in awe's unchanging tone

The LORD'S own word sublime.

Blest Watch! or long the hours or brief;

The Bridegroom shall appear.

To hearts wherein His love is chief,

Even now He draweth near.



ADVENT SONG OF THE FAITHFUL.



WEARY? Nay ; not weary yet !

He will come !

Promising, can he forget !

Oh, He will come !

Counting not the days or years,

Watch we till our LORD appears.

Everywhere we know is strife ; —

He will come ! —

Angry clash of life with life ;

But He will come !

He whose Kingdom is of Peace —

Peace must conquer, hate must cease.

Powers must tremble ; swords must fail ;

He will come !

Then can hell itself prevail

When He is come ?

Darkness reigns, but He is Light —

He who shall all darkness smite.

In His love our lives we hide —

He will come ! —

By His promises abide,

For He will come.

Our inheritance is sure —

Marvel ye that we endure ?

Watch ye all beneath the sun ;

He will come !

Winning what ye ne'er have won

When He shall come ;

Better things than life hath brought ;
Greater things than time hath wrought.

Life and time will fleet away ;

He will come !

Then your “ Nay ” must still be “ Nay,”

When He is come !

Till that Day He intercedes ;

Still as on His Cross He pleads.

Watch ; and if the hours seem long

Till He come,

Sing with us faith's perfect song :

“ LORD JESUS, come ! ”

Sweet, oh, sweet the time if we,

Watching, faithful grow as He !



EVENING HYMN OF PRAISE.



SWEET Jesu ! through the hours of light,
For every deadly sin restrained,
For dangers past, for comfort gained,
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might !

Amen.

Sweet Jesu ! through the hours of night
Thy watch of grace and mercy keep !
Thou slumberest not, albeit we sleep —
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might !

Amen.

Sweet Jesu ! though our sins affright
And fill with shame the sorrowing breast,

In Thee we pardon find and rest —
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might !
Amen.

Sweet Jesu ! when the world is bright
And when 'tis dark alike be near,
Our stay of peace, our staff of cheer —
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might !
Amen.

Sweet Jesu ! Thine by day and night,
In joy or grief, in life, in death,
Fill Thou with praise our every breath —
Praise, praise to Thy all-tender might !
Amen.



CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

I.

“Christ is born of Blessed Mary.”



CHRIST is born of Blessed Mary !

Sing the wondrous Life begun !

Man Divine and GOD Incarnate !

Israel, lo ! thy Holy One !

Now fulfilled the Prophet's vision ;

See the Child, the LORD of all,

Stript, indeed, of Heavenly splendor,

Choosing for His couch a stall.

Hail, MESSIAH, hail !

All hail !

Thou, O Israel's GOD and Saviour,

Verily Thyself dost hide ;

Clad in flesh, disguised in weakness,

All Thou hast by earth supplied.

Very GOD from everlasting

As a helpless Babe revealed,

Mary's breast Thy transient pillow,

Mary's arms Thy only shield !

Hail, EMANUEL, hail !

All hail !

Wonderful, the Seer proclaimed Thee,

Mighty GOD, and Prince of Peace,

King whose everlasting Kingdom

Shall forevermore increase !

Yet no royal sign or title

Could Thy boundless grace declare

Like that Name of endless sweetness

Thou for us alone dost bear.

Hail ! O Jesus, hail !

All hail !

Jesus ! — Saviour of His People !

Jesus ! — Shepherd of His Flock !

Well of Life, and Hidden Manna ;

Wayside Strength, and Tower of Rock !

Jesus, see Thy Church adoring

Prostrate at Thine Infant Feet,

Her Redeemer's praise outpouring

In that Name of Names most sweet !

Hail, O Jesus, hail !

All hail !



II.

“Hark! eastward and westward the message is winging.”



ARK! eastward and westward the message is
winging ;

The Promised of ages, MESSIAH, is born !

Oh, haste, let us find Him ! All Heaven is singing ;

The choirs angelic proclaiming the morn !

Alleluia ! prolong

The wonderful song :

Glory to GOD in the Highest !

Where sleeps He in purple, surrounded with splendor,

This King out of Heaven forsaking His Throne ?

The Virgin, His Mother, what monarchs attend her,

To whom the ALMIGHTY such favor hath sown ?

Alleluia ! etc.

Can this be His dwelling ? His cradle, this manger ?

Can this be His Mother, this Maiden so meek ?

Comes He to His own in this guise of a stranger

Unsheltered and friendless — the Prince whom we
seek ?

Alleluia ! etc.

Behold where He lieth, in Bethlehem hidden !

The SON of the HIGHEST, most lowly His birth !

And no one to welcome or serve Him is bidden

Who counteth as dust all the pomp of the earth.

Alleluia ! etc.

Oh ! vast condescension ! Almighty, Eternal,

He stoops to the lowest by seraphs adored ;

And, One with His FATHER in glory supernal,

Our flesh He hath taken and hath not abhorred !

Alleluia ! etc.

His name is called Jesus. Yes, Thou art our Jesus,
Sweet Babe whose appearing the angels proclaim !
From sin and from death Thou art come to release us ;
Thou bearest for us that Adorable Name !

Alleluia ! prolong

The wonderful song :

Glory to GOD in the Highest !



A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.



O poor, so humble, in such solitude,
Amid the lowing of the patient kine,
So barely sheltered in this stable rude
We find Thee, Babe Divine !
O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

Here born of Virgin Mother, spotless Maid,
Who folds Thee to her rapt, adoring breast,
Thou art content obscurely to be laid,
By the proud world unguessed ;
O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

Though hosts seraphic gird Thy Throne on high,
No earthly throngs Thy Holy Birth attend ;

No shouts of joy, though praises fill the sky,
Earth's bitter silence rend ;

O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

As with the darkness of Thy natal night
Thou veilest all the glory of Thy Face,
Thou who art GOD of GOD and Light of Light,
The fount of joy and grace ;

O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

This want, this loneliness, this manger-bed,
That hint the story of Thy coming woe,
When Thou wilt have nowhere to lay Thy head,
Thou willest even so ;

O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

And while our eyes a gathering shadow see —
The shadow of Thy Cross — upon Thee fall,
Thine own are fixed upon our Crown to be,
And naught can Thee appall ;

O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

O matchless love ! that Very GOD should take
Our flesh, that we might share the Life Divine !
Our, pains, temptations, death, that Thou shouldst make
So truly, wholly Thine ;

O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !

Oh, that these tongues that love could fitly sing ;
These hearts with praise (as Thine with anguish) break !
All that we have in worship would we bring
For Thy dear glory's sake ;

O Jesu ! sweetest Jesu !



THE WAY OF THORNS.



HERE is but one true way,

No other choice be mine !

LORD, every path must lead astray

Save only Thine.

A straight and narrow road,

Hedged in with thorns, indeed,

And every thorn most like a goad,

To bid me heed.

They wound my human pride,

They rend my selfishness ;

And when I seek to turn aside,

How sharp they press !

On every hand I hear
Alluring tongues of Time,
And oft they win my outward ear,
Like silver chime.

They call : “ That way forsake —
A needless strife is thine ;
A thousand paths our feet may take
And find divine.”

But have ye seen the end ?
I trembling answer back :
He knoweth all, my LORD and Friend,
Who points this track.

Here His Apostles trod,
His Martyrs won their crown ;
Here every Saint for love of GOD
The world laid down.

His own most blessed feet
This narrow pathway wore,
And pangs no anguish can repeat
For us He bore.

All sorrow, shame, and scorn,
Death, very death, He knew ;
From every thorn a sharper thorn
His pity drew.

A way of strife, indeed,
But every step I go,
That pity to repentance leads
And keeps me low.

Because the way is His,
And victory is sure,
And faith is more than present bliss,
I can endure.

A BATTLE CRY.



HOLY Cross whose sign in air
Can put to flight our ghostly foes !
O Holy Name but breathed in prayer
And Hell is powerless to oppose !
However fierce may be the strife,
Immortal gain our mortal loss ;
By ye we win Eternal Life,
O Holy Name ! O Holy Cross !

And what are these our sharpest wounds !
Thy wounds, O LORD, their balm supply !
Our woes Thy woe unmeasured drowns,
And Thine shall be our victory !

O priceless faith that dares the strife !

O deathless hope that spurns the loss !

By ye we win Eternal Life,

O Holy Name ! O Holy Cross !



HOLY MYSTERIES.



OW can it be ! — the sweet New Birth
 Of Water and the Spirit wrought,
 Beyond the wisdom of the earth
 To understand or bring to naught !
 We know not how ;
 We only bow
 And say : Amen !

How can it be ! — the HOLY GHOST —
 His sevenfold gifts on men bestows
 Through laying on of hands that boast
 No power the mystery to disclose !
 We know not how, etc.

How can it be ! — the priestly prayer
Of consecration duly said,
And we the One Oblation share
And feed upon the Living Bread !
We know not how, etc.

How can it be ! — the Precious Blood
Once shed for man doth never fail,
But flows a sacramental flood
That contrite sinners shall avail !
We know not how, etc.

How can it be ! — from age to age
Since the great day of Pentecost
The Church abides, though heathen rage,
The grace of Orders never lost !
We know not how, etc.

How can it be ! — goes forth the word
Of Holy Church and twain are one ;

Type of her union with her LORD
Foreshadowed when the race begun !
We know not how, etc.

How can it be ! — that wine and bread
In death's dark hour shall life afford,
Till with His unveiled Presence fed,
We are forever with the LORD !
We know not how ;
We only bow
And say : Amen !



"HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN
NO WISE CAST OUT."



ERE, weary heart, at last thy wanderings cease,
Thy long, sad quest ;
Nowhere beside is hope ; nowhere is peace ;
Nowhere is rest.

Oh, slow to come to Him who called and called,
With proffers sweet !
While pride withheld thee, and thy sin appalled,
He did entreat.

What is thy shame, however great thy shame
When thou dost think
That knowing all He loved thee all the same ;
How couldst thou shrink !

How couldst thou fear ! as if He could reject
Who came to save !
To give thee, spite of guilt and long neglect,
What thou didst crave ! —

The sense of pardon filling all the soul
Washed clean at last ;
The grace that follows with its sweet control ;
The shame o'erpast !

To win thee sorrowing to His glad embrace
How hath He striven !
Oh, hear His Voice ! — couldst thou but see His Face ! —
Thou art forgiven !



A NIGHT OF FAITH.



ARK, utter dark ; no faintest ray
To light the way,
Of sunset-gleam or coming day !

The vision aches with lack of sight,
For depth and height
Are one vast blank of baffling night.

Oh, that the soul might be at rest ;
Might yield her quest,
With the sole thought of God possessed !

That she might close her wearied eyes
And blindfold-wise
Walk on as under shining skies —

As seeing Him who is unseen —
And wait serene
Though twofold night should intervene !

O touch of GOD ! O miracle,
That none may tell !
Her eyes are closed, and all is well !

Though twofold night doth round her press,
She knows no less
He will not leave her comfortless !

The desolate Cry on Calvary's height,
Its midday night,
Her pledges are of coming light.



“LORD, THAT I MIGHT RECEIVE MY
SIGHT.”



HAT I may see my heart of sin,
O Jesus, turn mine eyes within !
Yet ere its guilty depths be shown,
O Jesus, turn away Thine own !

With Thee, All-holy, could I bear,
The knowledge of those depths to share ?
Should I not perish in my shame,
Thy gaze a swift-consuming flame ?

Yet now that I would look alone
Mine eyes are blind as eyes of stone ;
Now hast Thou turned away indeed,
For Thou art Light — my only need !

Have mercy, Jesus ! Jesus, hear !
Oh, worse this blindness than my fear !
Have mercy, Jesus ! make me see,
And I will look and look with Thee !



A HYMN OF CONTRITION.



SINCE for Thy lips were mingled, O my LORD,
The vinegar and gall,
Should I not say, Earth's sweet things be ab-
horred,
And sweet earth's bitter call !

Since Thou for me the cup of death didst drain —
Yea, O my LORD, for me ! —
My cup of ills should I not take as fain
To share one draught with Thee ?

O Victor-Victim, though the flesh afraid
Sink trembling at Thy feet,
Cast over it Thy pity's awful shade
And hear me Thee entreat !

Make Thou these tears of penitence and shame
For sin and frailties all,
More sharp than vinegar, more hot than flame,
And bitterer than gall.

Then, LORD, in every draught wilt thou distil
Thine own exceeding peace,
To sweeten all the cup earth's sorrows fill,
Till earth and sorrow cease.



JESUS, MY REFUGE.



ESUS, my Refuge ! to the secret places

Where thou dost hide, I flee,

To learn Thy blessed Truth, from all the mazes

Of human thought set free.

Without denial and without refraining

I must receive Thy Word ;

Not what thou meanest after man's explaining,

But what Thou sayest, LORD !

Shut from the strife of tongues that yield confusion,

Quick grows the inward ear

Thy sweet assurance, stripped of all delusion,

In humble faith to hear.

In mysteries beyond the dim perceiving
Of Reason's clouded eyes,
Thou dost reveal Thyself to souls believing —
Too loving for disguise.

And oh, how loving, dearest LORD, how tender
Beyond all love Thou art,
When to Thy Feet we cling in full surrender,
With sorrow-broken heart !

Absolving, healing, strengthening, uniting,
Through sacramental grace,
And to communion closer yet inviting,
Thou dost unveil Thy Face.

For Faith alone, low-kneeling in contrition,
The load of sin grows light ;
To Faith alone Thou dost vouchsafe that Vision,
And faith is almost sight.

THE BLESSED TASK.



SAID: Sweet Master, hear me pray ;
For love of Thee the boon I ask ;
Give me to do for Thee each day
Some simple, lowly, blessed task.
And listening long with hope elate,
I only heard Him whisper, Wait !

The days went by, but nothing brought
Beyond the wonted round of care,
And I was vexed with anxious thought,
And found the waiting hard to bear ;
But when I sighed, In vain I pray,
I heard Him answer gently, Nay !

So praying still, and waiting on,
And pondering what the waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won —
And oh, the depth of my content! —
My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly *to obey*.

And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to Him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task !



THE LIGHT OF LIGHT.



HE morning breaks, the shadows flee,
The gracious skies are clear and bright ;
O Light of Light, we turn to Thee ;
Without Thy rays it still were night.

The midday sun may cloudless shine,
And all our way seem smooth and fair ;
There are no rays save only Thine
Can show the quicksand or the snare.

And when the storms of sorrow beat,
And darkness falls, and joy takes flight,
Thy Presence is a sure retreat,
And in our dwelling there is light.

O Jesus, Fount of joy and grace,
That light on all our darkness pour,
Until beyond these nights and days
We dwell in Light forevermore!



VALE.



GOOD-NIGHT, O Earth ! the nights are growing

long ;

The days are brief ;

Life hath one solemn burden for its song :

“ As fades the leaf.”

Good-night, poor World ! if thou art full of sin,

Why, so am I !

In this proud heart to judge would I begin,

Nor self pass by.

Good-night, my foe ! not all the wrong is thine ;

My share I own ;

Forgive ! — we, human, know one word Divine ! —

The sun goes down.

Good-night, good friend ! though poor my gifts to thee,
I will not fret ;
The richer thou whose bounty is so free,
And sweet my debt.

No longer to revenge nor to repay
I strive or seek ;
Empty I came — must empty go away,
Empty and weak.

As one who wakes no more to smile or weep
Another day,
So would I lay me humbly down to sleep,
And humbly say :

O Thou Who hadst not where to lay Thy Head,
As poor were I,
Did not Thy mercy make for me a bed
Whereon to die.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 117 843 3

